PLOT

OR

NO PLOT,

OR,

Sir *W---m* and his *Spy* foil'd.

A NEW BALLAD.

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A New BALLAD.

I.

YE Lords, and ye Commons, give Ear to my Ditty,
While I tell of a Plot lately hatch'd in the City.
You have heard how a Mountain once brought forth a Mouse;
Such a Labour I sing—No Offence to the H——.

Derry Down.

II.

A Sett of *True Britons*, who've ne'er ſold a Vote,
And ſcorn'd for Court-Favour to alter their Note,
Met together at Dinner, as thinking with Reaſon,
Roaſt Beef in *Old England* cou'd ne'er be deem'd Treaſon.

Derry Down.

III.

Tho' they met, as they tell you, no Miſchief intending,
Yet the Proof of the Pudding is found in the ſpending;
For as Children are frighten'd with Tales of a Ghoſt,
So our Courtiers they're ſcar'd with the Sound of a Toaſt.

Derry Down.

IV.

Nor think this Alarm of our Miniſtry ſtrange;
For who knows what's meant by the *Royal Exchange?*
Then the Words *Abſent Stewards* ſmell ſtrong of Rebelling,
Since to make 'em High-Treaſon --- wants only the Spelling.

Derry Down.

V.

Sir *W——m* ſuſpecting ſome horrid Deſign,
That endanger'd his Place and the Proteſtant Line,
Diſpatch'd a Court-Engine, whoſe Ear and whoſe Eye
Might remark what was doing --- ſome call him a *Spy.*

Derry Down.

VI.

But ſome, who were ſurely no Friends to the Crown,
Not liking the Face of our Spy, knock'd him down:
The Knight ſore enraged at this cruel Diſaſter,
Thought a Plot for his Noddle would prove a good Plaiſter.
Derry Down.

VII.

Beſides, as he held, in ſuch dangerous Times,
For *Tories* to eat and to drink were high Crimes;
So no Meal-Tub or Harlequin Puppy before,
Produced ſuch a Plot as this Dinner, he ſwore.
Derry Down.

VIII.

To the H——e he complain'd then, and ſtraight was appointed
To ſearch out this Scheme 'gainſt the Lords High Anointed;
But like *Scrub*, when his Plot he reveal'd to Friend *Martin*,
Knowing not what to make on't, he thought made it certain.
Derry Down.

IX.

For ſo[illegible] theſe *Tories* their Project had ſmother'd,
That [illegible]re he enquir'd the leſs he diſcover'd:
So fin[illegible]g not one Wrinkle more in his A——,
The [illegible]——e all concluded this Plot but a Farce.
Derry Down.

X.

Our Stateſmen then cried, ſince we've made ſuch a Pother,
And this Plot's too young, let us cook up another;
For altho' our Knight's Credit has chanc'd to miſcarry,
Sure all will believe *Honeſt Gentleman Harry.*

Derry Down.

FINIS.